

THE DRAMA;

OR,

THEATRICAL

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VOL. VI.

MISS LOVE.

"Loveliness was around her as light."

"Thine is a voice whose tones inspire,
Such thrills of rapture in my breast;
I would not hear a seraph choir,
Unless that voice could join the rest."

BYRON.

Unfortunately for us, as biographers, the memoir of this young lady, with which we have been favoured, is so exceedingly scanty, that our sketch will, we fear, prove as little satisfactory to our readers, as it has to ourselves; and although we have exerted all our industry in procuring materials from the best source of information, yet her life has been chequered with no vicissitudes, and by few deviations from the tranquillity of the domestic circle, she has encountered no romantic adventures; but her existence has been merely one scene of gradual improvement in her profession, and her performances have hitherto been confined to the boards of the English Opera House, and those

No. 44. VOL. VI.

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of Covent Garden Theatre. We might extend the limits of this narrative, it is true, by pages of unnecessary praise, but public approbation has been lavished upon her efforts, with so cordial, yet considerate a hand, that no evidence we can adduce, would enlarge its amplitude, or confirm its authenticity.

Miss EMMA SARAH LOVE is the only child of the late Mr. F. T. LOVE, who was an officer in his majesty's service, and died some years since in Africa, of an epidemic fever. She was born in the vicinity of Cheapside, in the month of September, 1801. Having a promising voice and natural taste for music, she was placed at an early age under the tuition of Mr. D. CORRI, who brought her out at the English Opera House, where she was engaged for four seasons, and from whence she removed to Covent Garden Theatre.

The voice of this young lady, is one of very great compass, and her lower tones are the most delicious warblings we ever heard, and breathe a rich fullness of melody, that we can never hear without a corresponding emotion of enthusiasm. As an actress she far excels the generality of vocal performers, and is also justly entitled to our encomiums; we have seen her perform *Isabella* in "*The Wonder*;" *Luciana*, in "*The Comedy of Errors*;" *Phoebe*, in "*Rosina*;" *Lucinda*, in "*Love in a Village*;" *Olivia*, in "*Twelfth Night*;" *Rosanne*, in "*Brother and Sister*;" *Dolly*, in "*The Woodman*;" *Vespina*, in the new opera of "*Clari*;" and *Zanina*, in "*Native Land*;" in all of which she merited the most popular sanction that an audience can award; but it was in the trifling character of *Ocelto*, in the melo-drama of "*The Vision of the Sun*," in which she sings "*Say what is more dear to the heart of the brave*," that Miss LOVE's excellence as a vocal performer, appears to have been fully developed. Never was a singer greeted with more enthusiastic applause, than was unanimously bestowed on her on the first representation of that piece; and notwithstanding it was performed near fifty nights, the attraction never ceased, and she was most vigorously called on for a repetition every evening of representation.

Of her life nothing more remains to be said, it glides on

in the calm current of domestic felicity, unfettered by storms, and unclouded by sorrows, and to her honour be it recorded, she has laboured assiduously and successfully, to make the path of a parent's existence smooth, peaceful, and pleasing, without having any fear from the icy hand of adversity.

STANZAS TO THE MEMORY OF LORD BYRON.

Oh weep for Greece ! and those bright isles,
 "Where burning SAPPHO lov'd and sung"

Where nature wears her softest smiles,
 And language speaks her sweetest tongue.

Oh ! weep for Greece ; a minstrel's doom
 Has veil'd her fairest hopes in gloom,

He, who her sons that long had lain
 Beneath the Othman's galling chain,

To conquest and to glory led,
 Now sleeps with her heroic dead.

BYRON farewell ! I mourn thy fate,
 It grieves me that thy voice no more

Can nobly aid to imitate,

On thy much lov'd and classic shore,

That spirit which when Greece was free,

Fir'd the three hundred Spartans brave,

At famed Thermopylae

To seek a sure yet glorious grave,

Their land from tyranny to save.

Thou bard of gloom, farewell ! farewell !

In all thy works there is a spell,

And in thy character tho' dark

Somewhat of good ; a virtuous spark

That makes us even feel to thee

A more than common sympathy—

Farewell ! and may oblivion's veil

Rest on the errors of thy life,

May slander ne'er thy name assail

With hate and envy rise—

Let there be one, who o'er thy bier

May drop the consecrating tear,
 And as thou dost no longer live
 On earth for her, thy faults forgive.
 And let the sons of Genius who
 Thy radiant track before them view,
 Weep when they think thy harp must lie
 For ever lone and silently;
 Or that thy mantle none dare take
 And bid the southern muse awake.

Truro, May 27th.

THE DRAMATIC REPOSITORY OF ORIGINAL AND SELECT PIECES.

No. I.

1.—*Original Story of King Lear.*

The commentators on SHAKESPEARE (says Mr. COLLET) have generally agreed in ascribing the story of *Lear* to GEOFFREY of MONMOUTH, as its original author : from whom, or from some old legends borrowed from his book, they conclude that our great poet derived the story. In this latter point they are no doubt correct, but they have all erred in assigning the parentage of this history to GEOFFREY of MONMOUTH. The work that goes under his name is merely a Latin translation, and an extremely corrupt one of an ancient Welch history, entitled "*Brut y Breche-noedd*," or "*Chronicle of the Kings*," written by TYSSILLO, a Welch bishop, at the close of the seventh century ; and so called because it gives a history of all the kings of Britain, from BRUTUS down to CADWALADER, the last nominal sovereign, who abdicated the throne, in the year 686. There are several *M.S.* copies of this chronicle, and some of them of great antiquity, from which it may be proved, that GEOFFREY's version abounds in unwarrantable interpolations and other errors. Mr. COLLET then proceeds to give a literal translation of that part of the chronicle, which contains the story of *Lear* : (" that genuine and original account, to which all others must ultimately be traced, and yet, strange to say, not one of the English

commentators seems to have been aware of even the existence of such a document. The translation is made from a very old *M.S.* (though the most ancient extract) preserved in the Cottonian collection in the British Museum;") but as there appears to be nothing materially differing from the ballad of GEOFFREY MONMOUTH'S, except the death of *Cordelia*, I shall only transcribe that part relative to that event: "LLYR or LMAR, was according to TYBELLIO'S account, the eleventh king of Britain. After the isle of Britain had been conquered by LLYR, who had chased his two sons-in-law away out of the island, by the help of the French soldiers, the subjects of AGANIPPUS, the husband of CORDEILLA, a messenger came from France, to inform CORDEILLA that AGANIPPUS was dead: she took that very heavily to heart, and from henceforth she preferred dwelling in the isle of Britain with her father, than return to France on her dowry. Whereupon after they had reduced the island to them, they governed it for a long time in peace and quietness until LLYR died.

After the decease of LLYR, CORDEILLA took the government of the isle of Britain: and she managed it for five years in peace and tranquillity, and in the sixth year rose her two nephews, sons of her sisters, who were young men of great fame, namely: MARGAN, the son of MANLOW, prince of Scotland, and CUNEDDA, the son of HENWYN, prince of Cornwall; and they assembled an army and made war on CORDEILLA, and after frequent conflicts between them, they subdued the island, and took her and confined her in prison. And, when she thought of her former grandeur, which she had lost, and there remained no hopes that she should be again restored, out of excessive anguish, *she killed herself, which was done by stabbing herself with a knife, under her breast, so that she lost her soul.* And thereupon, it was adjudged, that it was the foulest death for any person to kill himself. This happened a thousand and five hundred years after the deluge."

2.—True History of Macbeth.

About the lineage and station of MACBETH, whose misdeeds have been dramatized, writers have written variously, as their purposes were either narrative or dramatic. The is-

bulous BOECE was the first, who said, that MACBETH's father was *the thane of Angus*, and married DOADA, the second daughter of MALCOLM II. BUCHANAN, without enquiry, adopted the fables of BOECE, HOLINSHED followed BOECE, as to the station of MACBETH, and SHAKSPEARE repeated the echoes of HOLINSHED. The more veracious WYNTOWN calls MACBETH the thane of *Crumbachty*, which is the Gaelic name for Cromarty; and in the well known story of the *Weird Sisters*, the chronicler makes the first witch hail MACBETH *thane of Crumbachty*: the second *thane of Moray*; and the third *king*. These intimations lead directly to make up to the several *fictions* of BOECE, HOLINSHED and SHAKSPEARE. MACBETH was, by birth, the *thane of Ross*; by marriage with the Lady GRUOCH, the *thane of Moray*: and by his crimes the *King of Scots*. FINLEY, says TORFEUS, was *maormor*, or as the Norwegian historian calls him *jarl of Ross*. FINLEY lost his life about 1020, in some hostile conflict with MALCOLM II. This fact alone evinces that FINLEY would have scarcely have fought against his wife's father, if he had been the husband of DOADA. The Lady GRUOCH, when driven from her castle, by the cruel fate of her husband, the *Maormor of Moray*, fled with her infant son LULACH, into the neighbouring country of Ross, which was then ruled by MACBETH, who married her during the reign of DUNCAN. We have now distinctly seen that MACBETH was *Maormor of Ross*, the son of FINLEY, and the grandson of RORY or RODERICK, and that he was the husband of GRUOCH, who was the daughter of BÆDHE, and the grand-daughter of KENNETH IV. MACBETH thus united in himself all the power which was possessed by the partizans of KENNETH IV. all the influence of the Lady GRUOCH, and her son LULACH, together with the authority of *Maormor of Ross*. With all these powers, in addition to his own character, for address and vigour, MACBETH became superior to DUNCAN and the partizans of his family. MACBETH had to avenge the wrongs of his wife, and to resent for himself the death of his father. The superiority of MACBETH, and the weakness of DUNCAN were felt, when the unhappy king depiated the crimes of his fathers, by "his most sacrilegious murder;" and MACBETH hastily marched to Scone, where

he was inaugurated as the King of Scots, supported by the clans of MORAY and ROSS, and applauded by the partizans of KENNETH IV. If MACBETH had been in fact what fiction has supposed, the son of the second daughter of MALCOLM, his title to the throne would have been preferable to the right of DUNCAN's son according to the Scottish constitution, from the earliest epoch of the monarchy. CRAIG, the abbot of Dunkeld, who, as the father of DUNCAN, and the grandfather of his son's, must have been now well-stricken in years, put himself at the head of the friends of DUNCAN, and made a gallant, but unsuccessful attempt, to restore them to their rights. MACBETH was at length slain at Lumphanan, on the 5th of December, 1056, by the injured hand of MACDUFF.

3.—*The Characters of Ben Jonson and Shakspeare,* by FULLER.

"*Jonson.*—His parts were not so ready to run of themselves, as able to answer the spur; so that it may be truly said of him, that he had an *elaborate wit*, wrought out by his own industry—he would sit silent in learned company, and suck in (*besides wine*) their several humours into his observation. What was ore in others, he was able to refine himself. He was paramount in the dramatic part of poetry, and taught the stage an exact conformity to the laws of comedians. His comedies were above the *volge* (which are only tickled with downright obscenity,) and took not so well at the first stroke as to the *rebounds*, when beheld the second time; yea, they will endure reading so long as either ingenuity or learning are fashionable in our nation. If his latter be not so spiritfui and vigorous as his first pieces, all that are old will, and all who desire to be old should, excuse him therein."

"*Shakspeare.*—"He was an eminent instance of the truth of that rule, *poeta non fit, sed nascitur*: one is not made but born a poet. Indeed his *learning* was but very little; so that as *Cornish diamonds* are not polished by a lapidary but are pointed and smoothed, even as they are taken out of the earth, so *nature* itself was all the *art* which was used upon him. Many were the *wit combats* betwixt him and

BEN JONSON, which two I behold like a *Spanish great gal-
leon* and an *English man of war*. Master JONSON (like the
former) was built far higher in learning ; *solid* but *slow*
in his performances. SHAKSPEARE, with an English man
of war, lesser in *bulk*, but lighter in sailing, could *turn with*
all tides, and take advantage of *all winds*, by the quickness
of his *wit* and invention."

4.—*The English Theatre.*

In the infancy of the tragic art of our own country, the
bowl and dagger were considered as the great instruments
of a sublime pathos ; and the "Die all, and die nobly,"
of the exquisite and affecting tragedy of "*Fielding*" were
frequently realized in our popular dramas. THOMAS GORR,
of the university of Oxford, in the reign of James I. was
considered as no contemptible tragic poet, he concludes
the first part of his "*Courageous Turk*," by promising a
second, thus :

"If the first part, gentles ! do like you well,
The second part shall greater murthers tell."

Specimens of extravagant bombast might be selected
from his tragedies. Take the following speech of AMU-
RATH the *Turk* as a specimen—who coming on the stage
and seeing "an appearance of the heavens being on fire,
comets and blazing stars, thus addresses the heavens :"

—How now, ye heavens ! grow you
So proud that you must needs *put on curled locks*,
And clothe yourselves in *perriwigs of fire*.

In the "*Raging Turk, or Bajazet II.*" he is introduced
with this most raging speech :

Am I not emperor ? he that breathes a no
Damns in that negative syllable his soul ;
Durst any god gainsay it, he should feel
The strength of fiercest giants in my armies,
Mine anger's at the highest, and I could shake
The firm foundation of the earthly globe.
Could I but grasp the poles in these two hands,
I'd pluck the world asunder.

He would scale heaven, and when he had, would
 —get beyond the utmost sphere.
 Besiege the concave of this universe,
 And hunger starve the gods till they confessed
 What furies did oppress his sleeping soul.

These plays went through two editions : the last printed in 1656. The following is an extract from a comedy called "*The Marriage of the Arts*," by BARTON HOLYDAY, performed at Christ Church, Oxford, 1630.

Posta the hero of the piece, who is in love with *Historia*, capriciously falls in love with *Astynomia*, and thus compares his mistress :

Her brow is like a brave heroic line,
 That does a sacred majestic inshrine,
 Her nose, *Phalencake*-like, in comely sort,
 Ends in a *trochee*, or a long and short ;
 Her mouth is like a prettish *dimeter* ;
 Her *cis-brows* like a little-longer *trimeter* ;
 Her chinne is an *adonichle*, and her tongue
 Is an *Appermeter*, somewhat too long.
 Her *cies*, I may compare them unto two
 Quick-turning *dactyles*, for their nimble view ;
 Her *ribs* like staves of *Sapphiks* doe descend
 Thither, which but to name were to offend ;
 Her *armes* like two *jambics* raised on hie,
 Doe with her brows bear equal majestic ;
 Her *legs* like two straight *spondees* keep apace,
 Slow as two *scasons*, but with stately grace.

The pedant comic writer has even attended to the dresses of his characters, which are minutely given. Thus *Melancholico* wears a black suit, a black hat-band, a black cloak, and black work-band, black gloves, and black shoes. *Sanguis* the servant of *Medicus*, is in a red suit ; on the breast, a man with his nose bleeding ; on the back, one letting blood in his arm, with a red hat and band, red stockings and red pumps.

One of these rude French plays, about 1600, is entitled "*La Rebellion, ou Mescontentement des Grenouilles contre Jupiter*," in five acts. The subject of this tragi-comic

piece is nothing more than the fables of the "Frogs who asked Jupiter for a king." The actors were dressed to represent large frogs ; and in pleading their cause before Jupiter, the dull humour was to *cross sublimely*, whenever they did not agree with their judge.

5.—*The Mexican Theatre.*

The Mexican theatre, appears to resemble the first scenes among the Greeks, and these French frogs, but with more taste and fancy. ACOSTA writes, "the small theatre was curiously whitened, adorned with boughs, and arches made of flowers and feathers, from which were suspended many birds, rabbits and other pleasing objects. The actors exhibited burlesque characters, feigning themselves deaf, sick with colds, lame, blind, crippled, and addressing an idol for the return of health. The deaf people answered at cross purposes : those who had colds by coughing ; and the lame by halting, all recited their complaints and misfortunes, which produced infinite mirth among the audience ; others appeared under the names of different little animals, some disguised as beetles, some like toads &c. ; and upon encountering each other, reciprocally explained their employments, which was highly satisfactory to the people, as they performed the parts with ingenuity. Several little boys also belonging to the temple, appeared in the disguise of butterflies and birds of various colours, and mounting upon the trees which were fixed there on purpose, little balls of earth were thrown at them with slings, occasioning many humorous incidents to the spectators."

6.—*Ancient Play Bills.*

It is odd enough to see quoted in a dramatic performance, chapter and verse as formally as if a sermon were to be performed. Thus we find, in the Catholic and Protestant dramas, such rude learning as this :—

Read the v. to the Galatians, and there you shall see
That the flesh rebelleth against the spirit.—

or in homely rhymes like these,

I will show you what St. Paul doth declare,
In his epistle to the Hebrews, and the x. chapter.

7.—*Roman Actors.*

"A stage player," was considered infamous by the Romans: ROSCIUS, however, the admiration of Rome, received the princely remuneration of a thousand denarii per diem: the tragedian ÆSOPUS bequeathed about £150000 to his son.

8.—*A twenty-five act Play.*

NAT. LEE, when too often drunk, and sometimes in Bedlam, wrote a play in *twenty-five acts*.

9.—*Dutch Theatricals.*

I believe it is well known, says Mr. D'ISRAELI, that the actors on the Dutch theatre are generally tradesmen, who quit their aprons at the hour of public representation. This was the fact when I was in Holland forty years ago. Their comedies are offensive, by the grossness of their buffooneries. One of their comic incidents, was a miller, appearing in distress for want of wind to turn his mill: he had recourse to the novel scheme of placing his back against it, and by certain imitative sounds behind the scenes, the mill is set a going. It is hard to rival such depravity of taste. I saw one of their most celebrated tragedies. The one was "*Gysbert van Arnsstel*," by VANDEL; that is Gysbrecht of Amsterdam, a warrior, who in the civil wars preserved this city by his heroism. It is a patriotic historical play, and never fails to crowd the theatre towards Christmas, when it is usually performed successively. One of the acts concludes with a scene of a convent: the sound of warlike instruments is heard: the abbey is stormed: the nuns and fathers are slaughtered, with the aid of blunderbuss and thunder: every Dutchman appears sensible of the pathos of the poet, but it does not here conclude; after this terrible slaughter, the conquerors and the vanquished remain *ten minutes* on the stage, silent and motionless in the attitudes in which

they happened to fall ! and this pantomimic pathos is received with loud bursts of applause from the audience.—Thus says Mr. D'ISRAELI ; but certainly the Dutch stage cannot still be in this deplorable condition—perhaps some of the readers of the *Drama* will be kind enough to inform me through the medium of its pages, the improved state it which it is arrived at the present day.

June 7th, 1824.

"TWELFTH NIGHT"

MR. DRAMA,

In answer to the question of your correspondent B. W. regarding the second title of this play it seems to be the opinion of those critics who have mentioned the subject, that it was merely the whim of the moment and not intended as the cognomen of any incident that occurs in the play.

It was to be produced at a Twelfth Night revel—and the author having been asked what he would name his play—answered—"Call it '*Twelfth Night*,' or what you will," this was set down as the authors intention and the play has ever since been known by that title. This hasty mode of putting down a hasty expression coincides with what occurred to the late Dr. JOHNSON when compiling his valuable Dictionary.—He employed an amanuensis. One day he announced the Latin word "*concurro*" to the ready scribe, who, thinking he could translate it himself said, "to *concur* I suppose"—To which the Doctor peevishly replied "Concur ! Con-dog !" The secretary, whose business it was to write down all his master dictated, did his duty and *Con-dog* was inserted and actually printed as one interpretation of *Concurro* in that edition of the work though it was corrected in all subsequent ones.

I am, MR. DRAMA,

Your obedient Servant,

June 8th, 1824.

PHILO KRAMER

DRAMATIC PARODIES.

No. IV.

HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY.

To love or not to love, that is the question:—
 Whether 'tis better for a man, to suffer
 The plagues and crosses of celibacy
 Or to take comfort in the wedded state
 And marrying to end them? To love: to wed
 No more? And by a word to say we end
 The heart-ache—and the thousand little ills
 A bachelor is heir to, 'tis a consummation
 Devoutly to be wish'd. To love, to wed;—
 To wed! perhaps a shrew; Ay, there's the rub,
 For in that wedded state what ills may come
 When we have shuffled off our liberty
 Will make us weep; there's the respect
 That makes celibacy of so long life;
 For who would bear a womans scolding tongue,
 A squalling child, a housemaids impudence,
 The cooks conceit, a curtain lecture,
 The apothecary's visits, or the wrongs
 A patient husband from his wife must take
 When he himself those horrors may prevent
 By keeping single? Who would such things bear
 And groan and weep under a married life,
 But that the dread of sundry fits of gont
 And other ills that need a womans care
 And that a wife's—puzzles the will—
 And makes us rather bear a wife's controul
 Than be a bachelor throughout our life.
 That woman maketh converts of us all
 And thus man's nature bacheloric hue
 Is sickly'd o'er and kill'd by Cupid's darts
 And makes him take unto himself a wife
 With one fond hope—his trouble, here may end
 And cease to worry him.

PHILO KEAN.

THEATRICAL ELOPEMENTS.

1.—An extraordinary occurrence took place during the performance of "*Barbarossa*" at Covent-Garden Theatre on the 23d December 1805 when *Achmet* was performed by the 'YOUNG ROSCIUS' and *Barbarossa* by Mr. HARGRAVE. Mr. MURRAY who played *Othman* came abruptly forward at the commencement of the 4th Act and thus addressed the audience.

"Ladies and Gentlemen,

I am directed to inform you, that Mr. HARGRAVE, in consequence of the disapprobation expressed by part of the audience [*he had been hissed by a few persons*] has suddenly withdrawn himself from the theatre, and cannot be found; it is therefore hoped that you will have the goodness to allow Mr. CHAPMAN to read the remainder of the part."

2.—A singular elopement once took place at the Edinburgh Theatre. A fishmonger named STIRLING, ambitious of displaying his powers in the character of *Hastings*, obtained leave from the manager to gratify his vanity. When he had gone nearly half through the part amidst the din of catcalls, hisses and roars of laughter, he retired, but it was supposed would return to finish what he had so ludicrously begun; when, to the utter disappointment of the laughter loving critics Mr. BLAND, uncle of Mrs. JORDAN, made his appearance and thus addressed the audience:

"Ladies and Gentlemen,

Mr. STIRLING, a very good *fishmonger*, has been so much mortified by your disapprobation of his performance in *Hastings* that he has not only made his escape suddenly from the Theatre, but I vow to G—D, Ladies and Gentlemen, he has taken away with him Mr. Ross's best pair of breeches!"

3.—In a pamphlet called "*The present state of the Stage in Great Britain and Ireland*" 1753. May be found the following relation of a curious incident which occurred during an amateur performance of the "*Disraeli Mother*."

"*Andromache* was of an extraordinary size, her representative being a blacksmith, about 6 feet high, rather slim than corpulent; his complexion suited to his profession; his face very long and meagre, his eyebrows black and large and his audible voice rather bass than treble, though by sudden transitions from one to the other he gave it a vast variety. This wonderful personage succeeded well in the 3 first acts, but malice in the shape of hisses attacked this incomparable heroine which he (excuse the confusion of genders, and take them as they come) bore with heroic grace, till in a most pathetic speech, an half sucked orange hit her over the eye with such force, that the spread pulp over-smear'd and closed the luminary. The son of Vulcan started, mad with rage; dropped all his pomp and energy of rant, and with that handkerchief which late wiped the tears from royalty distressed, freed himself from the incumbrance of the hostile orange; then with collected fury in his looks, and anger darting from his open eye, he tore the tragic trappings from his head and a bare skull presented to the view, which bore the indented mark of many a wound; then, with a tremendous frown, terrible voice, and attitude strong fixed, by BROUGHTON taught, in words like these he to the gallery spoke;—

"Whatever scoundrel threw the orange at me, I tell him he's a rascal to his face; and if he dares do me justice, let him come down, and I'll box him for the amusement of the good company; for d—n my b—d, if any rascal shall use me ill, or put me on the footing of a common stage player. I would have you know, dogs, I am no such person; I play for my diversion, and can afford to give any such low lived fellows as you a bowl of punch at any time; for tho' I am a blacksmith, sirrahs, I never want money;—look here, you scoundrels."

"At these words he whipped his hand under his petticoats to feel for his money; when lo! such a tatterdemalion pair of breeches appeared as excited the whole assembly to laugh. This unpolite treatment, the injured *Andromache*, not knowing the true cause of, took as the effect of malice and party, foes to her vast merit and stalked off, cursing men, women, and child for their imperti-

nence, but muttering, that he deserved this usage for demeaning himself so much as to go on the stage."

4.—Mrs. MONTAGUE.

A Lady of this name was formerly an actress at the Hull Theatre and between her and Mrs. HUDSON of the same company violent quarrels and disputes continually existed insomuch that each had a party distinguished by the appellations of the *Montagues* and the *Capulets*. On the 3rd of January 1777, "*Henry 2nd*" was appointed for Mrs. HUDSON's benefit; *Rosamond* by Mrs. HUDSON and the *Queen* by Mrs. MONTAGUE. This was so repugnant to the latter lady's inclination that she sulked and would not study the part.—When the play was to begin an apology was made stating that "illness had prevented Mrs. MONTAGUE from studying the part of *Queen Elinor* and therefore she begged to read it." Mrs. HUDSON's friends were instantly inflamed and indeed the whole audience declared that Mrs. M. must appear and account for her conduct. At last, after a continued uproar and confusion, on went *Queen Elinor* in a rage.—She said she would read it; she could not play the part; illness and study for her own benefit had prevented her. The audience, with one voice told her, if she did not perform the part as was her duty, she must depart that instant; for rather than submit to such intentional insult and effrontery they would desire the cook-maid from the first alehouse to read it!—On which she placed herself in a tragic attitude and having obtained a moments truce, said aloud—"So I may not be permitted to read the *Queen*"?"—"No, No, No! Off, Off, Off!"—"Well then" said she "curse you all!" she then threw the book into the pit and made her exit amidst showers of disapprobation; but not entirely without laughter from those who "smiled at the tumult and enjoyed the storm" for such a whimsical incident perhaps never occurred before or since in the Theatrical Annals of Great Britain or elsewhere.

TATE WILKINSON.

SHAKSPEARIANA

No. XVII.

by G. CRESS.

"SHAKSPEARE whose genius in itself a law
Could men in every height of nature draw,"

ROWE.

I.—ON SHAKSPEARE'S MIND.

"The striking peculiarity of SHAKSPEARE'S mind was its generic quality, its power of communication with all other minds—so that it contained a universe of thought and feeling within itself, and had no one particular bias, or exclusive excellence more than another. He was just like any other man, but that he was like all other men. He was the least of an egotist that it was possible to be. He was nothing in himself; but he was all that others were, or that they could become. He not only had in himself the germs of every faculty and feeling, but he could follow them by anticipation, intuitively, into all their conceivable ramifications, through every change of fortune, or conflict of passion, or turn of thoughts. He had "a mind reflecting ages past," and present:—all the people that ever lived are there. There was no respect of persons with him. His genius shone equally on the evil and on the good, on the wise, and the foolish, the monarch and the beggar; "All corners of the earth, kings, queens, and states, maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave," are hardly hid from his searching glance. He was like the genius of humanity, changing places with us all at pleasure, and playing with our purposes as with his own. He turned the globe round for his amusement, and surveyed the generations of men, and the individuals as they passed, with their different concerns, passions, follies, vices, virtues, actions, and motives: as well those that they knew, as those which they did not know, or acknowledge to themselves. The dreams of childhood, the ravings of despair, were the toys of his fancy. Airy beings waited at his call, and come at his bidding. Harmless fairies "nodded to him, and did him

curtesies :” and the night hag bestrode the blast at the command of “his so potent art.” The world of spirits lay open to him, like the world of real men and women, and there is the same truth in his delineations of the one, as of the other ; for if the preternatural characters he describes could be supposed to exist, they would speak, and feel, and act, as he makes them. He had only to think of any thing in order to become that thing, with all the circumstances belonging to it. When he conceived of a character, whether real or imaginary, he not only entered into all its thoughts and feelings, but seemed instantly, and as if by touching a secret spring, to be surrounded with all the same objects, “subject to the same skyey influences,” the same local, outward, and unforeseen accidents which would occur in reality. In reading this author, you do not merely learn what his characters say,—you see their persons. A word, and epithet paints a whole scene, or throws us back whole years in the history of the person represented. So (as it has been ingeniously remarked) when PROSPERO describes himself as left alone in the boat with his daughter, the epithet which he applies to her, “Me and thy crying self,” flings the imagination instantly back from the grown woman to the helpless condition of infancy, and places the first and most trying scene of his misfortunes before us, with all that he must have suffered in the interval.”

HAZLITT.

2.—SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

The knight whom SHAKSPEARE has ridiculed under this character is thought to have been Sir JOHN FASTOLFF, “a valiant General of an ancient family born at Yarmouth in Norfolk about 1377. He attended the Duke of CLARENCE as Lieutenant of Ireland, about 1405 and 1406, and in 1408 he married a rich widow of that kingdom, and soon after went to France, where under the English regency, he was promoted to places of trust and honour. He returned home in 1440, covered with laurels won in the field and in his private conduct he now exhibited the hospitable generous, and benevolent man. He bestowed large

legacies on Cambridge, to build the schools of philosophy and civil law, and was a most liberal benefactor to Magdalen College, Oxford, founded by his friend WAYNFLETE. He died, 1459, aged upwards of 80, according to what CAXTON, his cotemporary, has mentioned. FASTOLFF, as is well observed, was a young, and grave, discreet and valiant, chaste and sober commander abroad, and eminent for every virtue at home." SHAKSPEARE has been severely censured for abusing this great and good man.

Vide DRAMA Vol. III. page 28.

3.—"HAMLET."

This play is founded on the story of *Amleth*, in the Danish History of SAXO GERMANICUS. It is to be found in Mrs. LENOX's "*Shakspeare Illustrated*." The story has a very romantic air, abounds with improbabilities and is such altogether as would scarce have struck any imagination but SHAKSPEARE'S. *Amleth*, we are told, put on the disguise of folly, rolled on the ground, covered his face with filth, raked the embers with his hands, &c. How finely has our immortal Bard availed himself of this hint! and what a dignified mind has he presented to us in his hero! The *Ghost* is entirely the invention of SHAKSPEARE and how nobly has he managed it. Every sentiment respecting this imaginary personage is fully in character with the feelings of the hero.

In the original story the catastrophe is full of terrors. *Amleth* having made the nobility drunk, sets fire to the palace, and during the confusion goes to the usurper's apartment, and tells him *Amleth* was then to revenge his father's murder; upon which the king, leaping from the bed, is instantly put to death and *Amleth* proclaimed king.

Had SHAKSPEARE adhered to this circumstance, he would, perhaps, have given the finest scenes of terror in the last act that ever have been imagined; and then a subject that opens so nobly, would have been grand also in its close. *London Chronicle*, 1757.

4.—REMARKS ON THE FIRST FOLIO OF SHAKSPEARE.
 From "*A journey round the library of a Bibliomaniac*," by
 W. DAVIS, 1821.

"SHAKSPEARE'S (W.) *Comedies, Histories, Tragedies, &c.* Imprinted by IS. JAGGARD and E. BLOUNT, 1623.
 First Edition, Folio.

DALY, 1792.	£30 14 8
HEATHCOTE (<i>Title wanting.</i>)	37 16 0
S. IRELAND, 1801	14 14 0
DUKE OF ROXBURGH.....	100 0 0
SEBRIGHT, 1807, (<i>Title wanting.</i>).....	30 10 0
STANLEY, 1813, (<i>Title reprint</i>).....	37 17 0
Sir P. THOMSON, 1815.....	41 0 0
SAUNDERS'S Sale-room Feb. 1818 a fine original Copy of the first edition in a genuine state. }	121 16 0

"The condition of so rare a book as the first edition of SHAKSPEARE, is a matter of no little importance to the lover of fine-conditioned and really important books; the apparent difference in the prices for which the various copies before enumerated have sold, may therefore readily be accounted for.

The second Edition Folio, 1632.

Third Edition, Folio, 1664.

Fourth Edition, Folio, 1685.

"The Third Edition is the most valuable of these and a good copy nearly as valuable as the first edition. Of the second edition in folio, 1632, I find it recorded in BEWELL'S *Life of JONSON*, that it is adulterated in every page.

"Some curious particulars respecting the various sums paid to the different editors of SHAKSPEARE may be found in the *Gentleman's Magazine*.

The most considerable appear to be :—

ALEXANDER POPE	£217 12 0
THEOBALD	652 10 0
WABBURTON	500 0 0
CAPELL.....	300 0 0
Dr. JOHNSON (for 1st Edition)	375 0 0
(for 2nd Edition)	100 0 0

"Of JOHNSON and STEVEN'S 4th edition, 15 Vols. 8vo. 1793 large paper, on which paper only 25 were printed, one sold at REED'S for £29; and a copy at Mr. SHETTEL

in 1820, for £10. 5s. RITSON, 1803, £14 10s. BINDLEY, £21.

"The portrait of SHAKSPEARE, by Mr. DROESHOUT, front-piece to the title of the first folio edition of SHAKSPEARE, served for all the 4 folio editions: good or first impressions of this portrait are valued by judges, at about £5. 5s whilst inferior ones are scarcely worth one guinea, as the lines have been crossed over the face to give strength to the impression; and Mr. CAULFIELD a competent authority in these matters, says the only way to discover the genuine state is, by observing the shading in the face to be expressed by single lines without any crossing whatever.

Of SHAKSPEARE it has been well and truly said

'Each change of many-coloured life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagined new;
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting Time toil'd after him in vain."

5.—ELEGY ON WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE, by FRANCIS BEAUMONT.

Renowned SPENCER lye a thought more nigh
To learned CHAUCER, and rare BEAUMONT lye
A little nearer SPENCER, to make roome
For SHAKSPEARE in your threefold, fourfold tombe;
To lodge all foure in one bed make a shift
Until doom's day, for hardly will a fifth,
Betwixt this day, and that by fates be slaine,
For whom your curtain's may be drawn againe.
If your precedency in death do barre
A fourth place in your sacred sepulchre,
Under this sacred marble of thine owne,
Sleep rare tragedian SHAKSPEARE! sleep alone.
Thy unmolested peace in an unshared cave
Possesse as lord, not tenant of thy grave;
That unto us, and others it may be,
Honour hereafter to be laid by thee.

6.—"MIDSUMMER NIGHTS DREAM."

This play was entered at Stationers Hall, Oct. 8, 1600, by THOMAS FISHER. It is probable that the hint for it was received from CHAUCER's "*Knights Tale*." There is

an old black letter pamphlet by W. BETTIE, called "*Titania and Theseus*" entered at Stationers Hall in 1608, but SHAKSPEARE has taken no hints from it. *Titania* is also the name of the Queen of the Fairies in DECKER's "*Whore of Babylon*." 1607.

STEVENA.

Mr. MALONE in his "*Attempt to ascertain the Order of SHAKSPEARES plays*" supposes this play to have been written in 1594.

There are 2 other 4to editions of this play in 1600—one by the above named T. FISHER, the other by JAMES ROBERTS. They are referred to in the margin by the initials quarto F. and quarto R.

BOSWELL.

7.—OUR SHAKSPEARE was, I think, the first that broke through this bondage of classical superstition, and he owed this felicity, as he did others, to his want of what is called the advantage of a learned education. Thus, uninfluenced by the weight of early prepossessions, he struck at once into the road of nature and common sense; and without designing, without knowing, hath left us in his historical plays, with all their anomalies, an exacter resemblance of the Athenian stage than is any where to be found, in its most professed admirers and copyists.

HURD.

8.—SHAKSPEARE is, in all the essential beauties of the drama, a perfect model. The discerning reader will find his best marked characters discoursing through a great deal of their parts, just like any other men, and only expressing their essential and leading qualities occasionally, and as circumstances concur to give an easy exposition to them. This singular excellence of his comedy was the effect of his colouring faithfully after nature, and of the force and vivacity of his genius, which made him attentive to what the progress of the scene successively presented to him; whilst imitation and inferior talents occasion little writers to wind themselves up into the habits of attending perpetually to their main view, and a solicitude to keep their favourite characters in constant play and agitation.

HURD.

THEATRICAL INQUISITION.

"The Stage, alas! is now consigned by all
To shows that predicate its utter fall.
To-day, some pageants where the tailor's skill;
Vies with the scene-painter's the breast to thrill;
To-morrow, pantomime, whose oft-tried tricks
Strive the attention of the house to fix.
Perhaps some furious *farce* attains a name—
And author's puffing friends pronounce it fame—
A *farce* where jokes grown stale; and grim grimace
Of wit and humour occupy the place;
Or, haply, some gaunt drama draws along
Its tedious length by dint of many a song.
Why write not *Poets* plays!"

* * * * *

NEW DRURY LANE THEATRE.

Journal of Performances, with Remarks.

May 24.—Merry Wives of Windsor—Zoroaster.

25.—School for Scandal—Spanish Gallants—Love, Law
and Physic.

26.—Hypocrite—Liar—My Grandmother.

27.—Speed the Plough—Deaf as a Post—Killing no
Murder.

28.—Tempest—Giovanni in London [Benefit of Ma-
dame VESTRIS.]

29.—Road to Ruin—Spanish Gallants—All the worlds
a Stage.

This was the last appearance of Mr. MUNDEN in the
character of *Old Dornton*. HOLCROFT'S comedy contains
some very excellent sterling characters, but the part of
Old Dornton has ever been a public favourite, and with
the genius of a MUNDEN to sustain it, most deservedly so.
The cordial reception which he experienced this evening,
evidently affected him considerably, and produced a con-
siderable agitation in his manner, which, however, soon dis-
appeared, and all the affectionate impulses of the parent,
beamed forth towards a son, the abandoned profligacy of
whose vicious courses seemed rather to cherish than re-
press them. The whole performance partook of so much
that was excellent, that it would be almost a species of
hypercriticism to affect to point out any one particular part.

as better than the rest: the duel scene, however, is most deserving of special notice; it was an admirable piece of acting, and was wrought up to the extremest pathos. The *Young Dornton* of ELLISTON, was performed in his usual masterly style; the scene with *Milford* at the spunging house, presented a picture of as perfect acting, as was ever witnessed. It was intimated by Mr. E. at the conclusion that their Majesties of the Sandwich islands (who are now in London) would honour the theatre on the 31st with their presence.

31.—Poor Gentleman—Chinese Divertisement—Past 10 o'Clock [Benefit of Mr. MUNDEN.]

Mr. MUNDEN took his farewell of the stage this evening after having for upwards of five and thirty years delighted the theatrical world by his chaste and inimitable acting. The great talents of this honoured veteran, will be long remembered by all who have ever witnessed his powerful representations of some of the finest characters in British comedy; and we feel how inadequate are words to convey an idea of his excellence, or to express the emotions of gratitude and regret with which we take our leave of an old and justly honoured favourite. The audience on this occasion was exceedingly numerous and of the most respectable description, and manifested throughout the performance of *Sir Robert Bramble* and *Old Dorsey*, their warm and anxious sentiments for one of the most highly gifted comedians that ever trod the stage. The veteran performer took leave of the audience in the following address, during the delivery of which, he was deeply affected:—

“Ladies and Gentlemen—The moment is now arrived when I have to perform the painful duty of bidding you farewell. When I call to remembrance that five-and-thirty years have elapsed since I first had the honour of appearing before you, I am still more forcibly reminded that I ought to leave the scene for younger and gayer spirits to mingle in. But it is not easy to shake off in a moment the habits of years, and you will, I know, pardon me if I am tedious, since it is *for the last time*. I carry with me into private life, Ladies and Gentlemen, the deep and indelible remembrance of that kind, that liberal indulgence, with which you have at all times regarded my humble efforts to amuse. I feel that I am ‘poor in thanks;’

but your kindness is registered *here*, and will never be forgotten; and should the recurrence of early association occasionally bring back the veteran comedian to *your* recollection, he will ask for no higher fame. I thank you most sincerely, Ladies and Gentlemen, for the patience with which you have listened to me, and I now bid you a respectful, a grateful, and a *last adieu*."

June 1.—Comedy of Errors—No Song no Supper [Benefit of Miss STEPHENS.]

2.—Cabinet—Two Wives—Killing no Murder [Benefit of Mr. HARLEY.]

3.—She stoops to Conquer—Spanish Gallants—Mons. Tonson.

4.—Rob Roy—Zoroaster.

Those "illustrious foreigners," the King and Queen of the Sandwich Islands, "honoured" this theatre last night with their august presence. The royal box was superbly fitted up for the occasion, and at half price the theatre was exceedingly crowded. Their Majesties, as we suppose we must style them, in compliance with the etiquette strangely pursued towards these persons, entered the theatre at an early hour, and were welcomed with the national anthem, and considerable applause. The good-nature of an English audience would not suffer these singular travellers to feel discomposed by a cool reception, though we are satisfied their general treatment by the populace would have been more hearty, if a silly attempt had not been made to exalt them to a rank which becomes ridiculous when applied to the chieftain of such a state of society as they belong to. The piece selected for the entertainment of their copper-coloured Majesties was "*Rob Roy*," and we think the selection was well made. The liveliness of the action, and the sweetness of the music, could not fail to arrest the attention even of an aboriginal inhabitant of Van Dieman's Land. The Queen seemed highly diverted at several passages. His Majesty preserved a dignified solemnity, unmoved by any thing that passed before his eyes, until the Eidophusicon was displayed, and then he appeared particularly attracted by the eruption of Vesuvius. On the conclusion of the performance, their Majesties, on their retirement, were again applauded, but, as

early in the evening, they stooped not from their lofty station to acknowledge the compliment. We really cannot help repeating, that the treatment of this wandering couple has savoured somewhat of a burlesque upon monarchy. It is not too late to abridge the folly.

5.—Whitsun Eve—No Performance.

7.—Hypocrite—Liar—Two Wives [Benefit of Mr. ELLISTON.]

The house this evening was crowded to an inconvenient excess, for shortly after the curtain rose there was not even standing room in any part of the house. The comedy, which has been so often and so successfully played during the present season, was repeated, and its repetition was hailed with all that applause which the acting of LISTON, DOWTON, and Mrs. WEST could not fail of ensuring. In the piece following, Mr. ELLISTON sustained one of his most favourite characters, that of *Young Wilding*. This excellent performance forcibly reminded us of his younger days; and if in the progress of time Mr. E. has lost a slight portion of that vivacity, which was once so charming, he certainly has not lost that peculiarity of force and power which some years since obtained for him so distinguished a place in the public estimation. Never did we hear any *Liar* assume greater earnestness or more apparent sincerity, than was displayed by Mr. E. on this assumption of the part. His introduction of the mock *Marquis* to his father was cleverly managed; and the story of his pretended marriage was told with an air of plausibility and seeming regret for having offended the old gentleman by so indiscreet an act, which drew down peals of applause, and did not fail of calling every risible muscle, into motion. The burthen of this piece falls upon Mr. E. and he most ably sustained it. In the course of the evening Madame CATALANI (who had volunteered her services) sang several airs with all that magical power which she alone possesses in so eminent a degree. After the conclusion of the second piece Mr. E. came forward and favoured the audience with the following speech—which our readers will perceive is not behind any yet made by him for emptiness, vanity, and egotism, although we do not mean to deny *every thing* asserted in it.

"LADIES and GENTLEMEN,—While *I* most respectfully beg leave to return you *my* cordial thanks for the ample patronage with which you have honoured *me* on this occasion, *allow me—permit me* to explain to you how much *I* have been cheered by the general favour which has been shewn *me*, through so large a portion of time as that in which *I* have had the honour of struggling on this spot for your favour.

"Five years are now elapsed, since, under the present administration, *I* was induced to take the conduct of the complicated affairs of this theatre, and *I* may add, of retrieving it from its pecuniary pressures and embarrassments, and *I* am now enabled, thank GOD, to state, that under the present direction, its debts are decreasing. that a short time will see them entirely paid, and that the shareholders, by whose subscriptions this edifice has been erected, will ultimately realize that price for their shares from which they deteriorated, and that they will be raised to their full and original value. (Applause.)

"*I* mention not this prosperity with the view of raising *my* own credit, by speaking of *my* individual industry, but to shew that where the manager of such establishment is zealous and persevering, the public will second all his efforts. And, Ladies and Gentlemen, *I* can honestly assure you, that *I* could have effected nothing without the aid of British liberality. (Loud Applause).

"To you, Ladies and Gentlemen, *I* owe every thing on *my* part;—on you *I* confidently rely for the future;—and, believe *me*, that while *I* say *I* can only live by the fair profits and emoluments of *my* labour, those profits shall be but a secondary consideration to that high delight which *I* shall ever meet in sharing your generous protection.

"As a pledge that *I* shall not relax any effort to please you, *I* beg leave to notice, that reports have been circulated of the speedy secession of many of your favourites from this theatre; but such reports, *I* take pleasure in stating, are totally groundless. *I* am willing to suppose that these reports originated in mistake rather than in malignity or hostility to this establishment, for with the exception of Mr. MUNDEN, whose loss to the stage every

lover of the histrionic art must deplore, *I* can assure you confidently of the continuance of almost every one of your favourites for the next season, with the additional talent to be gathered from the provincial theatres ; and let me add to the lovers of music, the engagement of a gentleman so generally esteemed, *I* mean Mr. SAPIO.

I fear, Ladies and Gentlemen, that *I* have too long intruded upon your patience, and *I* shall only repeat the expression of *my* heart-felt gratitude, and *my* fixed resolution, by every the most arduous effort, to merit the continuance of the public favour." (Applause.)

8.—Ibid—Ibid—Ibid.

9.—Henry VIII.—Three Weeks after Marriage—Tom Thumb [Benefit of Mrs. BUNN.]

10.—Comedy of Errors—Deaf as a Post—REVOLT OF THE GREEKS, or the Maid of Athens [Benefit of Mr. LISTON.]

We are sorry to see Mr. WALKER who has capabilities for a much higher walk of dramatic writing, employing his talents on the formation of bombastical melo-dramas. Let him bring forth the best of its kind—what fame can he hope to acquire, what profit can he expect to reap. We advise him to turn his thoughts to something of a more solid description, and leave this puerile sort of authorship, these rakings of the dramatic dunghills to Mr. W. BARRY-MORE and other equally celebrated caterers of the Minor-houses. The observations we have made on "*The Castellans Oath*" will apply equally as well to this production; adding only, that the stage manager of this house has "taken 'special care" to avoid the deficiency we noticed in the piece at the other, and consequently the whole concludes with a "grand bombardment" which was highly relished by the galleries, and the whole concluded with roars of approbation.

The plot turns upon the plans laid by *Ma*, the Maid of Athens, [Miss BOOTH,] to effect the escape of her father from the dungeon of the Turkish Pacha, where for a length of time he has been confined. This is at last accomplished by the revolt of the Greeks who destroy the tyrant and level the citadel to the ground. The performance of Miss BOOTH and little KNIGHT was indeed excellent they were worthy of a far better vehicle to display

their abilities in. To Mr. WALKER, one more word :— he was plunged from the highest to the lowest regions of the drama—but we sincerely trust he does not mean to select the melo-drama as the last struggle for his literary fame.

11.—Every Man has his Fault—Sylvester Daggerwood—Simpson and Co. [Benefit of Mrs. WEST and Miss SMITHSON]

12.—Guy Mannering—Revolt of the Greeks.

14.—Coriolanus — Matrimony—Giovanni in London [Benefit of Mr. MACREADY.]

15.—Merry Wives of Windsor—Revolt of the Greeks.

16.—Rivals—Blue Devils—Ibid. [Benefit of Messrs. KNIGHT and ARCHER.]

17.—Wild Oats—Revolt of the Greeks.

18.—Man and Wife—Lovers Quarrels—Ibid. [Benefit of Mr. FITZWILLIAM.]

19.—Marriage of Figaro—Liar—Ibid.

21.—Coriolanus.—Revolt of the Greeks.

22.—Poor Gentleman—Sylvester Daggerwood—Modern Antiques, [Benefit of Mr. SPRING.]

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

May. 24.—Henry IV.—Clari

25.—Pride shall have a fall—No song no supper

26.—Honey Moon—Marriage of Figaro [Benefit of Mr. YOUNG]

27.—CHARLES THE SECOND, or the Merry Monarch, [1st. time.]—Irish Tutor—Miller and his Men.

This truly excellent and pleasant little piece, is (as may be supposed from its title) founded on an adventure of his merry majesty and that "wicked wit" Lord ROCHESTER, and although its announcement at first excited in us a few alarming fears and painful sensations, lest the author should, in having chosen his time, also have taken his characters and incidents from an era when religion was merely a bye-word for every scoffer at morality, and a bold, licentious and unblushing profligacy, was the order of the day, yet we are happy to say we were most agreeably deceived. The piece might have been better termed a 3 act farce, as the incidents contain much more of a farci-

cal nature in them, than belongs to genuine comedy. However we will not be severe upon trifles, for, overwhelmed as we have been by nonsensical melo-drama's, and unlucky as we have been in our attempts at a genuine tragedy, worthy of retaining a station on the boards for two seasons together, we feel a refreshing sensation at even hearing the name of a new comedy announced, although the recollection of former failures makes it a kind of nugatory pleasure to go and see it. There is certainly a negligence creeping upon us, in regard to the maintenance and regulation of those efforts in which public taste is included, which is somewhat astonishing, when we consider ourselves as equal if not superior, to any other country in the arts of civilization and politeness. It has well been observed, that, a dramatist with us, is passed by like a delft jug, as a coarse article of no value ; and this will always be the case while every beardless whipster and languishing spinster are continually setting themselves up for dramatic writers, who are not possessed of the slightest capability for the arduous task they undertake.

Of the present piece, (as a *Farce*,) we are pleased in being honestly enabled to bear our testimony of approbation, and to which may be added, that it is one of the best seen for many years—if the laughter of an audience, from the commencement to the conclusion, may be produced as a test of merit : for this, the author is entitled to our best thanks—it is the privilege of farce to make men laugh while the understanding sleeps, and as laughter is one of the peculiar characteristics of man, as an animal, that author who can publicly enforce it and cause us to forget for an hour the heavy cares of the world, may be regarded as a public benefactor.

The plot of the piece is this :

The Queen of *Charles the Second*, feeling herself much neglected by his Majesty, in consequence of his nocturnal rambles, devises with *Lady Clara* [Mrs. FAUCIT], her Majesty's confidante, a stratagem, by which she hopes to disgust her husband with his irregular course of life. *Lady Clara*, to whom *Rochester* [Mr. JONES], is paying his addresses, consents to his proposals, on the condition that he will assist in the plan. *Rochester* agrees, and

learning from his *protégé*, *Edward*, [Mr. DURUSET] that he is in love with *Mary*, [Miss M. TREW,] the niece of *Captain Copp*, [Mr. FAWCETT,] landlord of the Grand Admiral, at Wapping, he determines upon, and succeeds in, inducing his sovereign to attend him thither in the disguise of a seaman. The *King* [Mr. KEMBLE], falls into the snare laid for him. Arrived at the rendezvous, he pays his addresses to *Mary* whom *Rochester*, from the information of the Landlord, discovers to be his own niece; and that nobleman, when the moment arrives for executing his purpose, privately withdraws, having first left his sovereign without a penny in his pocket. In this dilemma *Charles*, when called upon for the reckoning, and unable to discharge it, gives up his watch to the angry Landlord, who, from its appearance suspecting it to be stolen, goes out to ascertain that fact; and *Mary*, accompanied by *Edward*, (who has come to the Grand Admiral, under the disguise of a singing-master,) visit the *King*. They magnify the danger he is in, and finally assist him to escape. *Copp* having learned that the watch belongs to the *King*, waits upon his Majesty the next morning, to deliver it up. At this interview, *Charles* discovers the trick that has been played upon him, and resolves to be more circumspect in his future amours, and *Edward* obtains the hand of his beloved *Mary*.

Although we cannot expect in a farce any very great scope for an extensive display of character, yet from the smartness of the dialogue, and the choice of situation and incidents which are displayed in this piece, we are convinced the author has power sufficient to produce something much better, and altogether more deserving of the age.—As a light, pleasing, merry affair it will doubtless remain a stock-piece and this reward it most assuredly deserves.

The part of the gay vacillating *Charles* was played by Mr. C. KEMBLE who was a worse sovereign than a sailor; but this was because he had more to do in the latter part than the former. In the scene at the Grand Admiral's in Wapping, where he and *Rochester*, in the disguise of sailors are sipping tea with Old *Copp*'s niece; the acting was quite complete. The name of *Rochester* is just then accidentally mentioned at which the Landlord bursts forth with a

"*Damn Rochester!*" and on his repeating it, and adding that he was the greatest of villains, *Charles* for a time forgets his disguise and says "*explain this, it is our pleasure.*"

We liked this incident, and so did the audience; but we did *not* like the explanation that followed, for it unravelled the whole plot, and therefore considerably marred our pleasure. We think the old Captain should not have informed us *quite so soon*, who his niece was. To say JONES performed the dissipated nobleman is saying every thing. FAWCETT was exceedingly humorous as the honest *Landlord* of Wapping. Mrs. FAUCIT had but little to do,—that little she did agreeably. Miss M. TREE's *Mary* was that of a sweet innocent girl,—nothing very striking, but perfectly engaging, and, as we think, performed in the most natural manner. The piece was well received and announced for repetition amidst universal approbation.

28.—*Ibid*—*Fortune's Frolic*—Clari

29.—*Ibid*.—*Cozening*—Hunter of the Alps

31.—Pizarro—Spirits of the Moon.

The King and Queen of the Sandwich Islands visited this theatre this evening, and sat in the King's box which had been fitted up for their reception. The royal party paid the greatest attention to the business of the stage. Mr. YOUNG and Miss LACY played *Rolla* and *Cora*; the latter of whom infused more than ordinary interest into the character. The house was but thinly attended.

June 1.—Charles the 2nd—Cozening—Clari

2d.—Pride shall have a Fall—Irish Tutor—Hunter of Alps

3.—Native Land—Cent per Cent, [Benefit of Mr. SINGLAIK.]

4.—Charles the 2nd—THE CASTELLAN'S OATH [1st time]—Fortunes Frolic.

A melo-drama under this title, from the pen of Mr. WALLER, the author of the tragedy of "*Wallace*," was produced, and, although like all melo-dramas, its foundation is of a very flimsy nature, yet it has some redeeming qualities, and may be considered as being as good as the best of its kind. This may certainly be said by our readers to be "damning with faint praise"—but it is the only praise we

can prevail upon ourselves to bestow. It has been successful, but this success has been mainly dependant on the beautiful scenery and occasional clap-trap incidents to which it owes its being, and which still preserves its existence. The plot is thus briefly sketched.

Winceslaus [CHAPMAN] has usurped the throne of Poland, and imprisoned his nephew, the deposed *Prince Albert*, [Mrs. VINING] in the castle of Zodoiski, [T. P. COOKE], the *Castellan of Lemberg*. *Albert* escapes, and the *King* visits the *Castellan* in order to ascertain that the *Prince* is in safe keeping. The *Castellan* is believed to have betrayed his trust, and ordered to execution; at the moment, *Albert* returns, and preserves his life. A plot has been formed to give the young *Prince* liberty and his kingdom, and the usurper extorts from the *Castellan* an "oath" to stab his prisoner if any attempt were made to rescue him. This oath gives the piece its title. *Adolpha* [Mrs. FAUCIT], the wife of the *Castellan*, enters the dungeon to enable *Albert* to escape, and she is followed by her husband, who hears the alarm of "Rescue!" and rushes in to stab the *Prince* and fulfil his oath. *Adolpha* interposes, and wrests the dagger from his hand. The insurgents break into the dungeon, declare that the tyrant is their prisoner, and proclaim "*Albert, Poland's King*." The play then, of course terminates.

At the fall of the curtain and at its announcement for repetition the applause was warm and general, and indeed if the piece itself had no merit the excellent acting of T. P. COOKE, DURUSET, Mrs. VINING and Mrs. FAUCIT entitled them to the reward they received. The appeal of the former gentleman to heaven, when asserting his innocence and ignorance of the escape of *Albert* was at once manly, energetic, and powerful, and actually thrilled the audience. The scenery was beautiful, particularly the exterior of the dungeon of *Albert* in the castle, and the entrance to the citadel of Lemberg. The last scene of the liberation of *Albert* from the dungeon was one of the most interesting, and well managed melo-dramatic escapes we ever witnessed: a "grand blow-up" was all that it wanted to make it entirely complete.

5.—Whitsun Eve. No Performance.

- 7.—Henry IV.—Harlequin and Poor Robin.
- 8.—John Bull—Castellan's Oath.
- 9.—Charles the 2nd—Cozening—Clari.
- 10.—Man of the World—Miller and his Men.
- 11.—Charles the 2nd—Brother and Sister—Irish Tutor
- 12.—Twelve Precisely—Charles the 2nd—Brother and Sister
- 14.—King John—Clari.
- 15.—Comedy of Errors—Katherine and Petruchio [Benefit of Miss PATON]
- 16.—Charles the 2nd—MY OWN MAN [1st time] Cozening.

This farce is from the pen of Mr. PEAKE the author of several successful little trifles; it is formed of slight materials, and those of the most improbable nature, the plot consisting, of the plan pursued by a young spendthrift in order to get rid of the duns by whom he is hourly pestered, to effect which he personates his *own man*, that is a footman, and answers every knock, frames every excuse and utters abominable falsehoods to their faces with the utmost *nonchalance*. "*The Lying Valet*" and a little piece called "*Incog*" appear to have been the origin of this farce, which was not very favourably received notwithstanding the efforts of the performers.

- 17.—Richard III—My own Man.

A gentleman of considerable provincial fame, named KENT, made his first appearance as *Gloster*, and met with great approbation. We shall have occasion hereafter to enter more fully into the merits and demerits of this performance and shall not therefore enlarge on them at present our remarks having already extended beyond their usual limits. Our readers will perceive from the following extracts from the newspaper reporters, how careful we ought to be in framing our opinion—for "who shall decide when *such* Doctors disagree?" They differ, indeed, most strangely!

"His voice is decidedly *bad*."—(*Morning Post*.)

"His voice is *powerful and varied*."—(*Morning Chronicle*.)

"His voice is *thin, peculiar, puerile, and unpleasant*—(*New Times*.)

The fact is, Mr. KENT has more *power of voice* than Mr. KEAN, and he plays *Richard* full of fire and impatient ambition." (*Theatrical Observer*.)

"Mr. KENT is of low and slight stature, with strong lungs, and yet stronger nerves."—(*Morning Herald*.)

"His deportment altogether without a touch of self-possession."—(*Times*.)

"He evinced so much self-possession that we must assume he has either a high estimate of his own powers, or has been accustomed to the stage."—(*Morning Advertiser*.)

"His action, though redundant, is marked by the ease which experience and self-possession can communicate."—(*Morning Chronicle*.)

"The tent-scene was desperately extravagant."—(*Morning Advertiser*.)

"The best hit was the tent-scene."—(*Times*.)

"His chief defects are from want of any thing but genius.—We are sure he can correct them."—(*Theatrical Observer*.)

"We cannot remember a solitary instance in which he evinced genius, or superior talent."—(*New Times*.)

"He gave some points with originality and force, and they were loudly applauded."—(*Morning Post*.)

"The best point he made through the play was the triumphant exclamation, "*Richard's* himself again :"—the energy with which he burst upon the house in this expression, affords reason to hope that he may yet distinguish himself by a more consistent and sustained effort than his first appearance in *Richard* has proved to be."—(*Morning Chronicle*.)

"His personation of the crook-backed tyrant, put us very much in mind of Mr. BENNETT, but his superior physical powers enabled him to finish the part with undiminished energy."—(*Globe and Traveller*.)

"A Mr. KENT performed the crook-backed tyrant, but we do not think that in him "*Richard* will ever be himself again."—(*Flemings Weekly Express*.)

"We entreat for Mr. KENT another hearing. For ourselves, we have no doubt upon the matter; but we are always desirous of not offering prematurely the result of our humble judgment."—(*British Press*.)

18.—*Romeo and Juliet*—*Ibid*.

A Miss NESBITT of the Bath Theatre, made her first appearance in London, in the very trying character of *Juliet*, and was well received. Throughout her performance, the applause was loud and frequent, but on such an occasion, as a first appearance, noise of this kind is now no longer the test of public opinion or proof of public approval. In the earlier scenes of the play, her performance was most natural, and in all those parts which afforded opportunity for the expression of love, and all the softer feelings associated with it, she was happy and impressive. In the latter scenes, however, she wanted that energy of passion, that out-pouring of the soul, with which the inspired bard has animated and fired the breast of *Juliet*—she was, in fact, feeble and unimpressive—the affection of the “love-sick maid,” is not the prattlement but the passion of love: Miss N. was too elaborate to give the latter scenes their full force and effect. She has a fine form, and a graceful and lady-like deportment; her features, tho’ not regular, are pleasing, and we think expressive; her voice is clear and well-modulated and she will, in other characters, unquestionably be an acquisition, but the selection of the character for her first appearance, was injudicious, as not being suitable to the display of her peculiar talent.

19.—Charles the II—Fortune’s Frolic—Ibid.

21.—Richard the III—My own Man.

22.—Charles the II—Irish Tutor—Clari.

ROYAL THEATRE.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

Journal of Performances with Remarks.

June 14th.—COME IF YOU CAN, [1st time]—Lord of the Manor—Fish out of Water.

This theatre opened for the summer season, on this evening, with a very excellent company of established merit. When FOOTE and COLMAN had the house, they were enabled to open by the middle of May, because that was the period when the winter managers felt it expedient to repose from their dramatic toil: then an EDWIN, a

PARSONS, a PALMER and a BANNISTER were glad to enlist under the banners of the minor chief, and sweat, and laugh during the solstice!—But, *tempora mutantur*,—those powerful potentates have become still more powerful; their career remains unchecked, and we shall doubtless, shortly have to continue our journal of their nightly performances from one years end to the other: this monopoly is really detestable.

Some misunderstanding at present exists, (as well it may,) between Mr. MORRIS, the proprietor, and the managers of the two great theatres. The following statement will put the public in possession of the case, and at the same time shew the peculiar situation, in which Mr. MORRIS is placed, by the determination of the two potentates to extend their *winter* season.

When the new Haymarket Theatre was erected, Mr. MORRIS obtained a seven months licence, (*viz.* to commence on the 15th of April, and close on the 15th of November); but in April 1822, an arrangement was made between that gentleman and the Covent Garden and Drury Lane Proprietors, by which Mr. MORRIS agreed to forego his licence, upon having three months of his season free from competition of the winter houses. The following order was accordingly issued from the Lord Chamberlain's Office:—

April 1, 1822.

“The little theatre to open on the 15th June, and to close on the 15th of October, but to have three months free of competition, the winter theatres being closed, from the 1st of July to the 1st of October, the winter theatres shall not restrain their actors from acting at the Haymarket Theatre, between the 1st of July and the 1st of October.

(Signed,)

“MONTROSE.”

This agreement was acted upon for the two last seasons; and Mr. MORRIS (in pursuance of its terms) had made his arrangements for the season, which commenced this day.

On the 12th of last month, however, he was requested to attend at the Lord Chamberlain's Office, where he met the proprietors of the winter theatres, who then for the first time signified their intention of departing from the

terms of the above agreement, by extending their season, and requiring the exertions of some of the most popular performers, who are under positive engagements with them. The effect of this resolution will be, to restrain several popular comedians from performing at the Haymarket, except on nights when their services may *not be required* at Covent Garden or Drury Lane. Under all the circumstances, we think it is somewhat unfair thus to break in upon Mr. MORRIS's season, at the very time when his arrangements had been completed, for opening his theatre according to the terms of what he considered a binding agreement. At any rate, if the winter managers had resolved to break that agreement, they should have signified their intention for doing so in sufficient time to have enabled Mr. MORRIS to commence his season, according to the term of his *original licence*.

The theatre has undergone a course of improvement, and now appears to considerable advantage. The audience was brilliant and crowded : before the curtain rose, scarcely a seat could be obtained in the boxes. The performances commenced with a new farcical interlude, by Mr. DIBDIN. It was several times interrupted with very unequivocal marks of the unfavourable opinion of the audience. LISTON and Mad. VESTRIS made their appearance in the opera, and were welcomed most cordially. Among the performers who made their *debut*, were Messrs. WILKINSON, MELROSE, and HUCKELL, who were severally received, as their previous merits entitled them to expect. From the appearance of the house, on this first night of performance, a very prosperous season may be anticipated.

15.—Ibid—A Cure for the Heart Ache—A Roland for an Oliver.

16.—Seeing is Believing—She Stoops to Conquer—My Grandmother.

17.—School for Scandal—A YEAR IN AN HOUR ; or *the Cock of the Walk*, [1st time.]

This new farce is from the pen of the author of "*Simpson & Co.*," but it is by no means equal to that production. Mr. LISTON, to whom is given the name of *Bobby Buckhorse*, is of course the hero of the piece, becomes the "cock of the walk" when he has no rivals to contend with ; and "the year in an hour" means the twelve months which is

supposed to have elapsed since *Mr. Bobby Buckhorse* changed his "situation," and from a bachelor became a married man, and the happy father of a little boy. The plot of the farce is of a strange and complicated nature. *Mr. Bobby Buckhorse* is introduced to the audience as a youth whose pretensions to beauty are very limited, but who has "forty pounds a-year," and two thousand in the bank. The first act describes his courtship with *Miss Priscilla Fadefast* [Mrs. C. JONES,] and in the second he is a husband and a father; but in consequence of some disputes and some mistakes on the subject of matrimony between young *Mr. Stanley* and old *Mr. Stanley*, *Bobby Buckhorse* apprehends that his child is not his child, and a quarrel occurs with *Mrs. Buckhorse*, whose obstinacy in keeping her marriage secret, has given rise to the error. The plot is unnatural in every respect, the dialogue tame, and the incidents common-place; yet the piece was successful, and was given out for repetition by the actor to whom it owes its salvation, with considerable applause.

18.—Seeing is Believing—Belles Stratagem—Ibid.

19.—Rivals—A Year in an Hour.

21.—Mogul Tale—Sweethearts and Wives—Fish out of Water.

22.—Twelve precisely—Pigeons and Crows—A Year in an Hour.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

May 8th. "*Macbeth*"—"Three Weeks after Marriage" (for the benefit of Mrs. COURTENAY).—As we are no believers in the doctrines of periodical resolutions and extinctions of particular faculties and capabilities in the human species; and do not suspect that the histrionic glands (as SPURZHEIM, perhaps would say) have either disappeared or become altered in their organization, since the days of GARRICK, BARRY, REDDISH, &c. or those more recent of Mrs. SIDDONS, and Miss O'NEILL, we cannot relinquish the suspicion that there must somewhere or other exist among us—neglected, perhaps, and unknown, the germs, capabilities of better *tragic* acting than it is our good fortune at this day to witness at our theatres. We deem it a duty,

therefore, whenever any novelty of dramatic adventure is announced, as far as our opportunities or engagements may permit, to be witnesses of the experiment : that if merit should chance to be manifested, we might lend our aid in drawing it into public notice. The announcement of a first appearance in London, in the character of *Lady Macbeth*, tho' with all the expected disadvantages of a side-wind benefit—by permission of the Lord Chamberlain, attracted on the above evening, our attention to this theatre. And tho' we cannot profess that we discovered what we were in quest of, we think it not amiss to acknowledge, that we put ourselves in the way of noticing it, if it had been there. Miss COURTENAY tho' very superior to the group with which she was associated, has neither the physical, nor the intellectual endowments requisite to sustain the lofty and almost superhuman character she aspired to personify. She conceived, however, the character with tolerable accuracy, and delivered the text of her author in general, with as much propriety as limited powers and a partial lisping, would permit. Perhaps we might even add, that, in some passages, her mere conception was more correct than that of some of those whom nature has endowed with more commanding forms, and with powers of vocal and featural expression, more appropriate to the demands of the character : and tho' we cannot encourage her to look towards Drury Lane or Covent Garden, there are smaller theatres to which, if she will cultivate the distinctness that would render her more audible, she might perhaps be an acquisition. Some of the other characters, as might be expected, were got through funnily enough. A Mr. BARRY played *Macbeth* ; it was his first appearance, and the novelty consisted not only in the person, but the performance ; there has been no precedent we believe of such acting, and it would puzzle posterity to find its parallel. It had at least the merit of *originality*, for it was as unlike, KEAN, KEMBLE, or MACREADY, as it was any thing rational, or even remotely intelligible. An apology of indisposition was made for the young lady who was to have made her *débüt* in the afterpiece ; and Miss COURTENAY herself was the *Lady Racket* in which she was lively, and quite at her ease ; but we had exhausted our stock of laughter upon *Macbeth* and *Macduff*, and found that we had none to dispose of, upon the quarrel of the clubs

and diamonds. When we inform our readers that the character of MACBETH was disposed of to the highest bidder, and not to the person who had the most genius for its performance, we are certain they will excuse us for not entering upon a further description of the comical figure the actor cut.

A young gentleman of our acquaintance, who has excellent capabilities for the character, and who has already performed it with *éclat* at some of the provincial theatres, on application for the part, was given to understand, that unless he paid five guineas, he could not be allowed to appear. Our readers may therefore judge of the kind of amusement they are likely to meet with, at these made up benefits. The house, (for such an occasion) was numerously attended and at half price was nearly full.

MINOR DRAMA.

SURREY THEATRE.

This theatre has not, it appears, received that support from the public, which the liberality of the proprietor might have led him to expect—Difficulties, in consequence, have fallen upon Mr. WILLIAMS, and we believe the theatre is now kept open by the performers, in order to reimburse themselves for the arrears of salary due to them.—We are sorry to hear it, for the performances brought forward by Mr. W. were generally very excellent, and no expense was spared in the getting of them up. The theatre itself has been by him most brilliantly decorated, and altogether it was a very respectable minor house.—The cause assigned by the performers themselves for the empty houses, is a curious one—that the “*Battle of Waterloo*,” at the Amphitheatre, has proved the magnet of attraction to all the usual frequenters of the other minor theatres.

Since our last notice several very clever melo-dramas have been produced. The principal of these is a very interesting drama in three acts, called “*Hate! or the Cataract of the Mountain*,” by Mr. WEST, the author of “*Melmoth the Wanderer*,” produced some time since at the Cobourg. The story runs as follows:

Louise [Mrs. CLIFFORD,] the daughter of *Pierre*, a peasant is beloved by a youth of equal station, named *Eustache* [HONNOR] and *De Sanguair* [ROWBOTHAM,] a desperado of fortune. The piece opens with preparations for the nuptials of *Louise* and the former.—*De Sanguair's* love naturally enough, turns to the deadliest hate, and he determines to gain *Louise* to his wishes, or compass her destruction. His design he communicates to *Count St. Leone* [H. KEMBLE,] who is bound to him from the following circumstance.—*St. Leone* and *De Sanguair* had formerly been enamoured of *Clotilda* [Miss POOLE:] here too the latter had been rejected, and here too had his passion changed to hatred.—He instils the monster jealousy into the breast of the *Count*, and *Clotilde*, (having been discovered in his arms, he having disguised himself in the count's apparel the better to deceive her) is, without enquiry or explanation, hurled by her infuriate husband down the *Cataract of the Mountain*, unseen by any eye, save that of *De Sanguair*, who, possessed of this knowledge, becomes master of the fortune and the fate of the deluded count; but is likewise himself, from the commission of various crimes, equally the slave of the latter.—*St. Leone*, however resolves to aid *Louise*, but his benevolent designs are frustrated and the desperate ruffian meeting *Eustache* and his bride, wounds the former, and plunges *Louise* into the foaming torrent, and then denounces *Eustache* to the gathering crowd as the actual murderer, who is accordingly secured and conveyed to a dungeon. An affecting interview takes place between *St. Leone* and the youth, when he discovers him to be his own son, by the unfortunate *Clotilde*. The father torn by contending emotions, and anxious to save his son, (who from his experience of *De Sanguair's* villany, he well knows, must be innocent,) and yet unable to bear the scorn, ignominy and punishment due to his own crimes, is compelled to yield his son up to the laws of his country. The presumptive proofs appear undeniable and *Eustache* is on the point of being pronounced guilty, when the judgment is arrested by the appearance of *Louise*, who had been preserved from a watery grave. Her unexpected presence clears her lover, and overwhelms the guilty *De Sanguair*, who after frantically venting his impotent curses on all around, shoots himself. To render

the happiness of all, totally complete—*Clotilde* is discovered to have escaped from the jealous rage of her husband—and the piece concludes, leaving the waters of the Cataract of the Mountains to roll on, pure, unstained, and bloodless.

From this outline it will be perceived the drama is possessed of considerable merit and interest, malgré the improbability of the double escape from the cataract; and the acting of KEMBLE, ROWBOTHAM and Mrs. CLIFFORD, on whom the chief weight of the piece fell, was exceedingly clever and effective.

On Whitmonday another new melo-drama, by the same author, under the title of "*GENEVIEVE, or the Murderer of the Pyrenees*" was produced.

This piece is founded on facts, and taken from a case that was recently tried at the court of assizes for the department of the Hautes Pyrenees. A farmer, named *Dupont*, resides with his only son, *Mandeville*, in a cottage of the Upper Pyrenees. The young man conceives a violent passion for the daughter of his neighbour, *Arnaud*; his father approving of the union, offers to settle on the young couple the whole of his property at his decease. *Alexis Blanc* [KEMBLE] entertains against *Dupont* an implacable hatred, on account of some interest which he opposed—he persuades *Arnaud*, by falsehoods and tales of *Dupont's* avarice, not to bestow his daughter, *Genevieve*, [Mrs. W. CLIFFORD,] on *Mandeville*, unless the father consents to deprive himself of his property, and become dependant on his son: this proposal is too hard—the marriage is broken off, and the young man plunged into the deepest grief. *Alexis* not satisfied with having thus far succeeded in his villany, attempts to urge *Mandeville* to murder his father—with scorn he refuses; and an opportunity presenting itself *Alexis* himself becomes the murderer, and accuses *Mandeville* of the crime, which is in a great manner substantiated by the old man, who, when dying, confesses he suspects his son—the son is conveyed to prison, tried and found guilty. The horrors of remorse and anguish pursue *Alexis*, who in a fit of intoxication and despair, confesses that he is the author of the dreadful deed: he is secured and

Genevieve arrives at the scaffold just in time to save her lover from his awful end."

This drama does credit to its author, although like his "*Hate*", it has too much the appearance of being written for particular performers.

KEMBLE, ROWBOTHAM, and Mrs. CLIFFORD, exerted themselves with their usual ability, especially the former; whose forcible acting, (particularly where maddened with liquor, he confesses himself the murderer), drew forth great applause.

DOCTOR FAUSTUS, "*or the Compact of Blood*," a piece produced at short notice we presume, in opposition to the FAUSTUS of the other house, is a compilation from MARLOW's Tragedy of "*Doctor Faustus*," embracing the episode of Faust's seduction of Margaret from GOETHE's celebrated Poem.

A disturbance took place at this theatre on Monday night the 21st. A Mr. CARTLITCH was announced to play a part in the last piece of "*Faustus*" hitherto sustained by Mr. KEMBLE, who had withdrawn himself from the company. On the appearance of the former, every pittance rose, and an universal cry for "KEMBLE" prevailed throughout the house. CARTLITCH addressed the audience; and at the conclusion H. KEMBLE jumped from the pit upon the stage, and taking his hand said "CARTLITCH, I respect you as a man and a gentleman, and that's more than I can say of your employer." Mr. K. was then on the point of addressing the audience, when he was seized by Mr. WILLIAMS the proprietor who rushed from behind the wings, and in the scuffle Mr. K. fell from the stage into the orchestra.—The audience now interfered, and showers of orange peel and other missiles descended from all parts upon the stage, when Mr. JOHN REEVE and Mr. AULD came and forcibly dragged Mr. W. from the scene of tumult. Thus ended the riot on the stage, but was only a fresh stimulus to the parties in the pit: Mr. K. was mounted by his friends on a bench, and would have spoken, but he was interrupted by a posse of officers who darted across the pit and seized him. A battle-royal ensued, and the friends of Mr. K. contested it with a sparring match with the supporters of CARTLITCH. With some difficulty Mr. K. was removed

from the scene of action and deposited in the Surrey watch-house. This done, the piece was suffered to proceed, but in mere dumb show, for the cries for KEMBLE to resume his part were too loud to suffer any of the actors to be heard.—The whole scene was disgraceful to the theatre, the proprietor, the actors, and the audience.

COBOURG THEATRE.

Several pieces have been brought forward at this theatre since our last, but we have not many words to say in praise of any of them. The principal one has been "FAUSTUS, or the *Demon's Victim*." The proprietor, we conceive, had better have given "*William the Conqueror*" a longer run than have troubled himself about "LEVESON GOWER's translation of GOETHE's *Faustus*, the remarks of BLACKWOODS Magazine, or those of the late PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY." The present piece is full of gloom and without any interest; and but for the admirable acting of Mr. COBHAM (who made his first appearance in London for many years) would have been unbearable.

ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE.

The "*Battle of Waterloo*" together with the amazing horsemanship of Mr. DUCROW have drawn such fashionable and crowded audiences to this theatre, that all thought of producing further novelty has for the present been laid aside. We understand the Duke of WELLINGTON, the Marquis of ANGLESEA and many other noblemen of distinction have visited the theatre and expressed themselves highly pleased, with the mimic representation of that celebrated conflict. The character of Napoleon as performed by Mr. GOMERSAL is the nightly theme of admiration:—And that "*uncommon not common woman*" *Molly Mallony*, also receives her share of applause. The reviews of the British troops, the deaths of the *Duke of Brunswick*, and *Shaw* the Life Guardsman, and the *Battle of Ligny* and of *Quatre Bras*, are admirably represented and highly approved of.



ROYAL VAUXHALL GARDENS.

"Then take all the pleasure that summer's bestowing,
In boats on the water, or punch at VAUXHALL."

This mimic fairy land, and delightful scene of fashionable bustle, and amusement, has commenced its annual season ; and the attendances have been of the most numerous and respectable description,—although the weather has been far from favourable. The entertainments, and the facilities to a full enjoyment of them, are much improved by several judicious alterations. The *corps de ballet*, is considerably superior to that of last year. The story of the *ballet*, (which is by Mons. HULLIN) called "*The Chinese Wedding*," is not without interest, and the costume classically correct ; the scenery splendid and the dancing not unworthy the best school of the present day. Mr. GREY has made some curious additions to his *Fantoccini*, and the new cosmoramic views of Capt. PARRY'S voyages to the North Pole, are executed with great power and fidelity. The view of Mount Vesuvius has been removed, and a representation of the cave of Fingal placed in its stead : but this is a change by no means for the better. The orchestra is better supported than ever, the concert well received, and several of the songs nightly *encored* ; there are some old favourites among them, and a continuation of "*Pretty Pelly Hopkins*," which is highly relished. The new ditties are pretty and pleasing. A new gallery has been erected opposite the theatre, and another fronting the firework-tower, which are excellently calculated to afford facilities to those, who do not like the inconvenience of peeping through the ladies' bonnets and feathers, and the gentlemen's broad-brimmed hats. The fireworks com-

mence as usual at 12 o'clock, and have been of the most dazzling description. Chevalier's SOUTHBY, MORTRAM, and D'ERNST conduct this department admirably. In the midst of the most brilliant part, Mr. BLACKMORE made his astonishing ascent on the rope, and was most flatteringly received.

18th June.—The gardens on this evening were crowded to excess in consequence of the more than usual splendour of their appearance in honour of the victory of Waterloo. 12000 additional lamps were displayed in military and other devices, and a scene of greater brilliancy was never presented to the admiring eyes of the vast company assembled. The cosmorama of the battle, was exceedingly well executed, and interesting. The colours of various nations were hung in festoons from the trees round the orchestra,—and the fireworks were most magnificent, and in these, care was taken to do honour to the heroes who conquered on the 18th June. Those who have not seen VAUXHALL can form little or no idea of its varied fascinations. It is a little fairy land, where beauty and harmony combine with their great agent, light, (and no light more romantic than moon-light,) to give creation the sweetest and most endearing appearance.

In our next we shall present our readers with an history of this favourite place of amusement from its first formation.

SADLER'S WELLS.

The performances at this house have been so varied since our last report, that we can barely spare room even for their names. Mr. BALL's excellent Drama "*The Floating Beacon*," has been translated from the Surrey and performed with great éclat. Mr. W. WEST made his appearance in the Burlettas of "*Sharp and Flat*" and "*The Sleeping Draught*." In the "*Actress of all Work*," that clever little girl Miss VINCENT from the Surrey, a child of only 8 years of age sustained the part of *Maria* and the 5 other assumed characters with a precocity of talent that bids fair to shake the popularity of the celebrated

CLARA FISHER. On Whitmonday a new aqua-drama was produced under the flaming cognomen of "The BRAZEN WATER TOWER ! or the *Doubtful Child*," (founded as the bills state on M. CAIGNAEZ' "*Le Jugement de Solomon*,") which displayed some decent acting by Messrs. VALE, LANCASTER, MORTIMER and KING, and Mesdames WILKINSON, JOHNSTON and BENCE; but we cannot enter upon their respective merits. The last scene represented a lake of real water, but we think this scene as now managed is not near so effective as Mr. C. DIBDIN used to make it during the time he had the management of the house : his foaming cascades, cataracts and waterfalls, were indeed "most refreshing" as LEIGH HUNT would express it. We know not whether our readers will thank us for the following brief sketch of the plot—as they have no doubt often perused it, or at least one nearly to the same effect in the 1st Book of Kings.

The *Duke Alphonso*, of Messina, [KING, (the gentleman who narrowly escaped a watery grave, during the late inundations in the neighbourhood of Pentonville,)] brother to *Constantine*, King of Sicily, is betrothed to the *Lady Hermonia*, widow of the late *Don Carlos*, and reputed mother of *Leolin*, [Miss VINCENT]. But during a visit at *Hermonia's* villa, where he had proceeded for the purpose of espousing her, he accidentally meets with *Livonia* [Mrs. WILKINSON,] a peasant girl, of whom he had formerly been enamoured, and who, in hopes of once more beholding her royal lover, had penetrated into the gardens of the villa. His former passion revives, and he renounces his intended bride. *Livonia* discovers *Leolin* to be her son, who had been stolen from her the morning after his birth, and claims him of *Hermonia*, who indignantly repelling the charge, the mother appeals to the king for justice. Here she can produce no proofs, but the assertion of herself and the nurse *Claudina*, that her child had certain marks, which are found on *Leolin*, and that there had been a rumour at the period of its birth, that the *Lady Hermonia* had been delivered of a still-born child. There is an underplot arising from a conspiracy formed against the king, by *Durazzo*, [MORTIMER,] neither the object of which, nor of *Hermonia's* stealing the child, clearly appear.

Leolin however is proved to be *Livonia's* son, and *Durazzo's* guilt fully confirmed, by the confessions of *Manfredonia*, an emissary of the former, who stole the infant from *Claudina's* cottage; but the two guilty personages confidently asserting their loyalty and innocence, the modern *Solomon* orders them to be confined in the Brazen Water Tower, and there resolves to give his judgment. The last scene represents the tower—and *Constantine* commands that the boy should be thrown into the lake—a splash is heard—the pretended mother stands unmoved—the real parent shrieks with agony, but her grief is instantly assuaged by the monarch producing *Leolin* from beneath his cloak.—*Durazzo* escapes, and with other conspirators attacks the royal party, but after a short conflict is defeated—and the drama concludes with the explosion of the water tower.

We leave our readers now, to make their own comments.

COUNTRY THEATRICALS.

Great Malvern, April 1824.

MR. DRAMA,

Never has the undramatic solitude which surrounds this mountainous and romantic region, been so disturbed, vexed, and agitated as it lately has been by the roaring of a tremendous "*Cataract*," which our neighbours of Worcester have contrived shall, pour, spit and spume at their *Theatre*, in the shape of aqueous vapour,—in the play bills, in the form of puff magnificent and direct—in the diurnal and hebdomadal "brief chronicles of the times" in the questionable shape of squibs and inuendoes,—and in the mouths of all our honest spectacle-run-mad neighbours mouthed into starts! apostrophes! amazements! notes of admiration &c. &c. ad infinitum!—In fact, no man is considered to possess the least tact, taste or discrimination relative to theatrical affairs, who cannot pass a decided (aye and favourable opinion)—upon "*The Cataract of the Ganges*!"—But however Mr. DRAMA—it is by no means my intention to trespass upon your time by "unfolding a tale" containing a full, true and particular account of what you yourself have

informed us heretofore—and which the major part of your readers have probably possessed, and are perhaps heartily tired of,—my intention is to congratulate Mr RENNETT in the taste he has displayed, and the spirited manner in which he has “got up” the piece; and by noticing the absolute certainty of a favourable result to his labours and expence—stimulate those mean petty-fogging individuals whom we too frequently see holding the station, and bearing the misapplied denomination of *managers*—“to go and do likewise.”

But the performers I hear you exclaim!—what of the performers themselves?—Nay my Lord “these are the players.”—Some idea may be formed of the histrionic powers of the “company” from the following observation, made (by a friend of mine) in reply to a remark from a lady who had the evening before witnessed their representation of what the bills of the day “styled” the moral and instructive tragedy of “*George Barnwell*”—indeed Madam, for my own part, I think Barnwell was most fortunate of the lot—he was *only hung* at the conclusion—whereas the rest of the characters were miserably mangled and executed throughout!”

I am yours, &c.

Quiz.

TOWN TALK, No. XIII.

A serious accident occurred to Madame RONZI DE BERNIS, on Tuesday night, June 1st, at the King's Theatre. After the first act of the Opera was concluded, a scene fell on her head and cut her severely.

In the list of causes to be tried in the Court of King's Bench, after Term, the case of *Cox v. KEAN*, we perceive is set down. It occupies the 216th place, and is to be tried by a Special Jury.

MISS MACAULEY.—“MISS MACAULEY has, we understand, made an application to the Managers of both the winter theatres to be permitted to perform three or four nights at

each house. Some painful misapprehensions as to the cause of her dismissal from the theatres has, we understand, induced her to adopt this measure as necessary to establish her professional fame. Her application has, however, been rejected, but no reason assigned why she is refused. This is strange and mysterious, and we think this lady called upon to explain what cause can exist to provoke such hostility towards her, or why she should be positively denied a request and an appeal to public judgment, which we cannot think unreasonable". (*From the British Press.*)

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BRITISH PRESS.

Sir—Your Paper of yesterday mentions that I have made an appeal to the winter theatres for permission to play three or four nights in vindication of my professional fame, which appeal, at both houses has been refused. This assertion, Sir, is true; and I shall consider myself obliged, if, through the medium of your columns, the reasons of that appeal may be made known. My situation with the public and with the Theatres is very peculiar; and while I feel the absolute necessity of my present exertions, as the only means of redeeming my name from implied disgrace, I feel, at the same time, all the reluctance which a female may be supposed to endure under circumstances so painful.

Without any act of hostility, without any breach of engagement on my part, with every testimony of public approbation in my favour, I have been hunted from my profession, and robbed of the fair harvest of my previous toils, and all to gratify the insatiable thirst of individual ambition. I have borne these oppressions long, and perhaps I may say patiently, for while I considered my professional fame secure, I sought nothing beyond the success of my individual exertions, even though those exertions were frequently made at the expense of health and strength; but some degrading communications have lately been made, which convince me of a painful truth—that "my fame has been injured." I am accused on the one hand of having "ill used the public" by deserting Drury-lane Theatre, and on the other, that my "failure with the

public" was the cause of my expulsion at Covent-garden Theatre. I lament, Sir, that the limits of a newspaper cannot allow any great space to an individual cause, even though justice may demand it, or I could "a round unvarnished tale relate," of injuries unprovoked—of oppressions undeserved, which would excite both sympathy and indignation. I submit to your perusal my letters to Mr. ELLISTON and Mr. KEMBLE, by which you will perceive I have no intentions towards them but of the most amicable nature. From these gentlemen I have not experienced any injury or offence; but as they stand in place of those by whom I have been deeply injured, to none else can I appeal for redress. I have appealed, and my appeal has been denied: I have simply asked that they will allow me to appear two or three nights before the public in my legitimate capacity, for the purpose either of redeeming my fame, or of being condemned by the public voice. If I am unworthy of public favour and public support, I will submit at once, not without sorrow certainly, yet without resistance; but if I have talents, if I am entitled to public favour and support, I will seek for one fair trial, which I have *never yet had*, either to substantiate my claims or forego them for ever.

I have nothing to conceal: on the contrary, I should have reasons to rejoice, could the persecutions which for the last few years have pursued me, be made known to the public: I might gain, but could not lose any thing, by the disclosure.

I have the honour to be, Sir,
Yours obedient,

E. W. MACAULEY.

No. 2, Somers-town-terrace, June 8, 1824.

Mr. O'CALLAGHAN was tried, June 14th, at the Surrey Sessions, for an assault on the Rve. Mr. SAURIN, son of the Bishop of Dromore, and found guilty, and sentenced to a months imprisonment, and to pay a fine of £20.—He was very lately, an actor at the Adelphi Theatre.

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